

CLASS FOR BABIES IN SADDLE

A PRETTY FEATURE OF THE MINEOLA HORSE SHOW.

Riders Ranged From One to Three and Each Got a Blue Ribbon Strapped to Willow Basket Saddles When They Appeared—Other Young Equestrians.

While every well regulated horse show has at least one class for the junior equestrians the best showing of the kind was made at Mineola week before last in the special pony class, where the oldest contestant was 3 years of age and the youngest about a third of that.

When the ponies were led into the ring there were "ohs" and "ahs" of admiration from the spectators, for the class was quite as much a novelty to them as it was to the competitors. On each pony's back was an elaborate willow chair furnished with little stirrups and in each little chair sat a little man or woman.

Miss Elsie Margaret Kent, aged 1, evidently favors the side saddle for her basket was strapped across the pony's back while all of the others rode facing the heads of their mounts.

Master Howard Phipps rode on a real saddle, but he is 3 years old and had had two years experience. Master Howard can drive as well as ride, and his ponies Maratana and Jimsey show quite as well in harness as they do under saddle.

When the ponies and their passengers were lined up for inspection the judges sidled round them looking foolish and not knowing whether to judge the ponies or the babies. Finally one of the judges gave the scientific opinion that all were equally lovely and they settled the difficulty by doing as one popular judge always does when he meets a knotty problem, gave a blue rosette to each contestant. The silver cup offered by Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock was given to Master Ogden Phipps's bay pony Tatters.

No one would be surprised to see some of these youngsters riding in the hunter

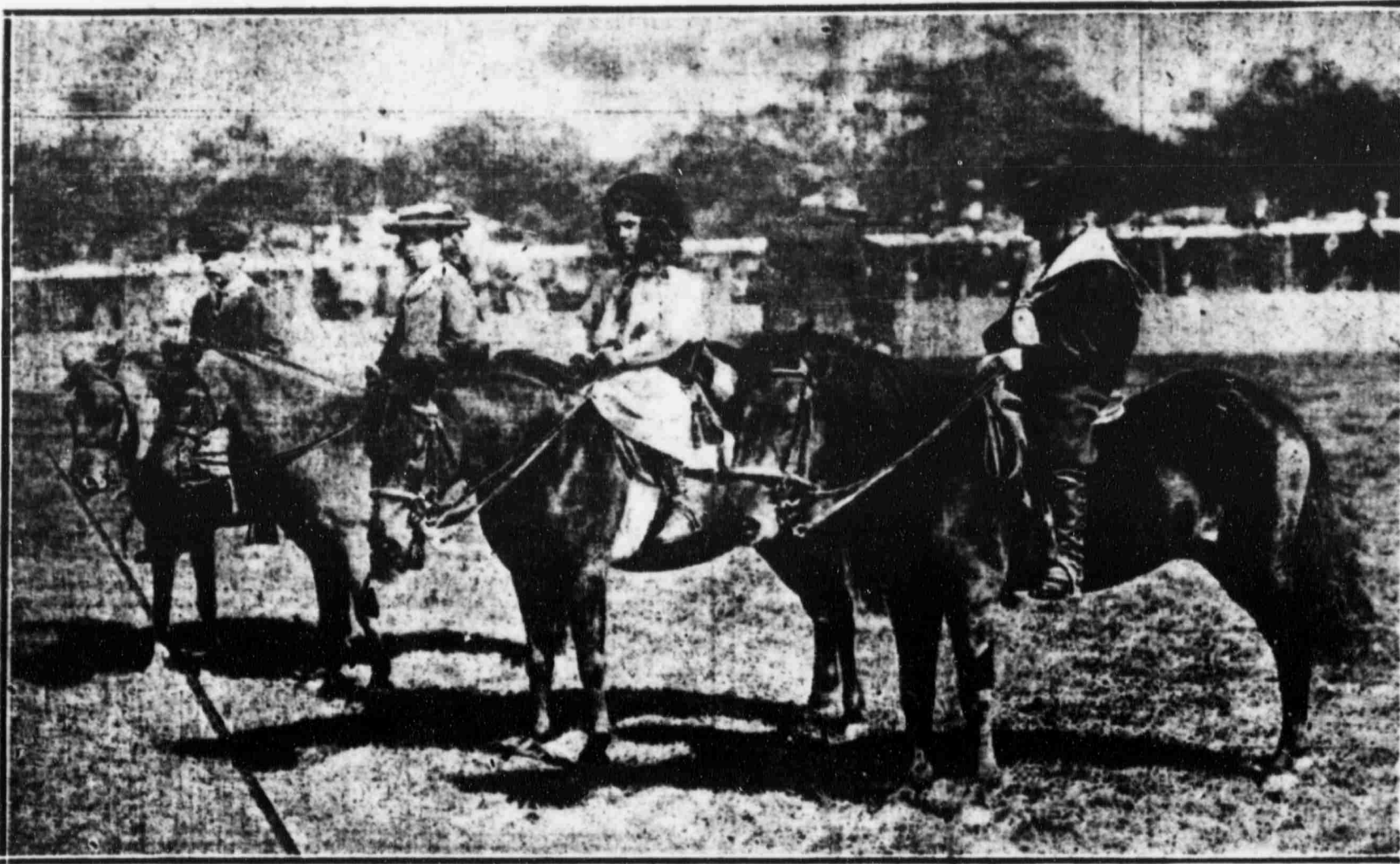


Photo by Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

PART OF PONY CLASS AT THE PIPING ROCK HORSE SHOW.

Left to Right—E. D. Morgan's two children, Jasper and Katharine; little Miss Whitney and Master Rose.



Photo by Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

THORNTON OXNARD, SON OF J. G. OXNARD AT THE SMITHTOWN HORSE SHOW



Photo by Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

GRENVILLE WINTHROP ON VIVIAN PIEBALD.

classes next season, for it is wonderful to see the dexterity and fearlessness which they display after they have once become accustomed to the motion of the horse. Most of the children who are taught to ride in the academies use the cross saddle, for it is no difficult matter to change to the side saddle later on.

but after once becoming accustomed to the side saddle, with its nice convenient pommel, it is difficult for the little girls to learn to depend wholly on balance.

One of the cleverest children who rides astride is little Miss Ethel Harriman daughter of J. Borden Harriman. She won several blues with her lay geld-



THE BABY EXHIBITORS AT THE MINEOLA HORSE SHOW. NOTE THE SUBURBAN PERAMBULATOR CONSISTING OF A WICKER BASKET ON A PONY.

ing Happy Boy both in harness and under saddle at recent horse shows. The daughters of Thomas Hitchcock are fine horsewomen, and they can pilot a 16 hand hunter over the jumps without making a mistake. Few riders, amateur or professional, can compete with them.

Miss Vera A. H. Cravath is another clever young horsewoman whose riding has been a feature of the horse shows for several seasons. With her superb mare Glory Bird she has won enough prizes and praise to turn the head of both horse and rider.

Most of the children who ride are clever with the reins, and many of them can handle a four-in-hand or tandem before they are 10 years old. Little Miss Schiff

is a prospective four-in-hand whip and is already able to drive her pony Peggy to victory in the harness classes. Miss Marion Hollins, who is now 16 years old,

has been driving four horses for several years, and she drives with a dash and style that none of the older reinswomen has ever been able to acquire.



Photo by Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

MISS VERA A. H. CRAVATH RIDING GLORY BIRD.



Photo by Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

LITTLE MISS SCHIFF, DAUGHTER OF MORTIMER SCHIFF, DRIVING HER FATHER BEHIND HER PONY PEGGY.



Photo by Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

SONS OF J. S. PHIPPS.

THE WIRE BROOCH MAN.

He Makes 'Em While You Wait, and You Don't Have to Wait Long.

Seated behind a little low table at the inner edge of the sidewalk sits the wire brooch maker silently at work.

His tools and implements consist of a pair of pliers, a little round iron wheel and a file, his sole materials a coil of small gauge and malleable gift brass wire and a lot of little quill shaped pieces of mother of pearl.

All the brooches show a name; the brooch maker will make you one with any name you want while you wait. At this moment he is finishing up an order for half a dozen or more, the names for which had been brought to him written on a sheet of paper, and now as he pins the last completed brooch on a long strip of tissue paper and rolls the strip into a ball, interested as you are, if you will make one for you. Written on a strip of paper you give him the name, Edith, and now while the crowd gathers in a little closer and with a little keener interest to see this order filled,

the brooch maker picks up the coil of wire and takes off about a foot and a half or perhaps two feet. The name, an ornamental border design, and the hook and pin on the back of the brooch are all to be produced by working from end to end this single, now straight, piece of wire.

First he draws the wire two or three times through a bit of emery skin to give it a polish, and then he picks up the pliers and goes to work, beginning on the wire at a point about two inches from one end. That length of straight wire thus left he will bring into use later.

Working deftly and swiftly, he fashions first the capital letter E in script form and with an ornamental extra loop at the bottom, and then swiftly he shapes one after another the rest of the name in small letters, the long, free end of the wire swaying this way and that as he manipulates the section in hand with the pliers. The letters he makes so deftly and swiftly are each about half an inch in height and each one is perfectly formed and the letters are perfectly spaced.

You may wonder as he goes along how he is going to get the cross on the letter "t," making these letters as he is from one continuous piece of wire, but presently you see him take a turn of the

wire around the upper end of the "t," there's your "t" crossed all right; and then he goes on rapidly and makes the "h" and there's your name with the letters all finished.

Curious it looks in its present shape, the name bent into a piece of wire with a two inch wire sticking down from the letter "E" and a foot long length of wire extending from the letter "h," but you'll see the brooch completed now in a minute.

You had wondered what the iron wheel was for. Now you see the brooch maker clamp the free end of the long wire extending from the letter "h" into the hub of the wheel. The slender wire he uses in making the brooches is not round, but square, in cross section; and now, holding the wheel suspended by the wire he spins the wheel horizontally at the end of it and so twists into the wire throughout its length a spiral effect to make it more ornamental.

Now he picks out for the back of the brooch one of the quill shaped pearl pieces of suitable length for the name. There is a hole through each end of the pearl and now through one of these holes he thrusts the short length of wire that extends from the letter "E," and through the other, the long spiral wire from the letter "h." Now with the pliers he turns a little loop in the short wire, at

the back, this to serve as the spring for the pin which the short end of wire beyond it is to form. The long spiral wire which he had thrust through the other hole he now bends at the back to form there the hook for the pin; and then the free long end of this wire, extending from the hook, he twists into a string of many little various sized loops, which he now swings around the brooch in front for an ornamental border.

And now he snips off to its proper length the short wire at the back that is to serve as the pin and points it with the file, and there is the brooch complete. Time, seven minutes.

Astrakhan Lambs.

From the Illustrated London News.

From Bokhara some million and a half astrakhan skins are sent each year to Europe and America. The lambs whose skins are known as astrakhan are specially bred for the purpose, and some flocks contain as many as 5,000 heads. The skins are roughly dressed before being exported. Experiments have been made in the breeding of lambs for astrakhan in various parts of Asia and Europe, but it is claimed that Bokhara alone provides the best lambs for the purpose.

IMITATING A WAX FIGURE.

Hard Work for the Demonstrator, but It Draws a Crowd.

Man? Or wax figure? Really, for a time the crowd standing outside the window couldn't tell. For this was in some ways a very lifelike figure, and yet it was absolutely rigid, and in some other ways too it had all the characteristic aspects of a wax figure.

It was the figure of a young man wearing brand new and perfectly fitting wrinkleless clothes. His shoes were as smooth as a board, his broad collar was as smooth that it looked like white sheet iron, his necktie was adjusted faultlessly and his hat was set on his head with prim exactness of level. His face was pink and white and his head was held fixedly upright; his eyes were set and he gazed steadily out of them a little over the heads of the people. It was a wax figure, sure. But wait a minute: it seems to be moving.

At the figure's left hand is a little rack, like a music rack on which you see

a number of cards, like so many sheets of music, and now as you stand watching you see the left hand of the figure begin to move slowly toward that rack, the rest of the figure remaining rigid.

With your eye thus diverted from the figure to the rack you see there now an advertising placard. Slowly, steadily, the hand moves over till it points at that card, and then you see the figure's right hand begin slowly, automatically, to move, holding up something held in it; and then the left hand comes over slowly, slowly, to point at that object.

There's a series of cards on the rack and these, one after another, with the same slow, mechanical movement of hands and arms but with the body and head remaining always rigidly upright, the figure uncovers, each time, disclosing also on the object held up the part of it described by the inscription on the placard. It's a window demonstration of course, but is the figure that of a man or is it a mechanical figure? But there's one man in the crowd who settles it promptly, in his own mind, anyway.

"He imitates a dummy," this man says, and with that he turns and goes on his way, and now half the crowd drifts off, holding the same view.

But now the figure, having finished one demonstration, stands rigidly up-

right, motionless, in the window again, and now another crowd gathers to look and to wonder whether it is a man or a wax figure. Conclusive evidence may be had if you wait long enough, for after a time you may see the figure really unbecome, become human from head to toe and step down from the window, through the opening at its rear to the store floor below, and there draw off its white cotton gloves and light a cigarette and take a brief rest. It's a hard work imitating a dummy.

Point of the Illustration.

From the London Scraps.

A Scottish parson remarkable for the simple force of his pulpit style was enlarging one Sunday upon the text "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." "Yes, my friends," urged he with solemn earnestness, "unless ye repent ye shall all surely perish," deftly placing his left forefinger on the wire of a bluebottle fly that had just alighted upon the reading desk while the parson's right hand was up lifted. "Just as surely as, my friends, I flatten this poor fly."

But before the threatened blow descended the fly put away, whereupon the minister further "improved the occasion" with ready wit, exclaiming, "There's a chance for ye yet, my friends!"